

Summative Assessment

A poem is analyzed and evaluated for figurative language/sound devices and for symbolism (imagery); a humor nonfiction story is analyzed and evaluated for irony.

GRADE-LEVEL EXPECTATIONS

R2B Analyze and evaluate author's use of figurative language (emphasize irony), imagery, and sound devices in poetry and prose.

R3B Analyze and evaluate author's use of figurative language (emphasize irony), imagery, and sound devices in nonfiction text.

LESSON MATERIALS

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- Sources of Literature
 - None
- Supplies
 - Paper and pencil
- Handouts provided
 - "Saturday at the Canal" by Gary Soto
<http://www.poemhunter.com/p/m/poem.asp?poet=10856&poem=99431>
 - "The Night the Ghost Got In" by James Thurber located in Thurber, James (1933), *My Life and Hard Times*, New York: Harper and Brothers
www.dallasisd.org/rnwexpress/episodes/episode1/night_the_ghost_got_in.pdf
 - Summative Assessment Blank Fishbone graphic organizer for "Saturday at the Canal," Figurative Language/Sound Devices
 - Student Directions/Scoring Guide for "Saturday at the Canal," Figurative Language/Sound Devices Fishbone graphic organizer
 - Possible Answers/Scoring Guide for Figurative Language/Sound Devices "Saturday at the Canal," by Gary Soto
 - Summative Assessment: "The Night the Ghost Got In" -- Irony
 - Summative Assessment: "The Night the Ghost Got In" by James Thurber, Possible Answers/Scoring Guide for Irony
- Words to know
 - figurative language
 - graphic organizer

LEARNING ACTIVITIES

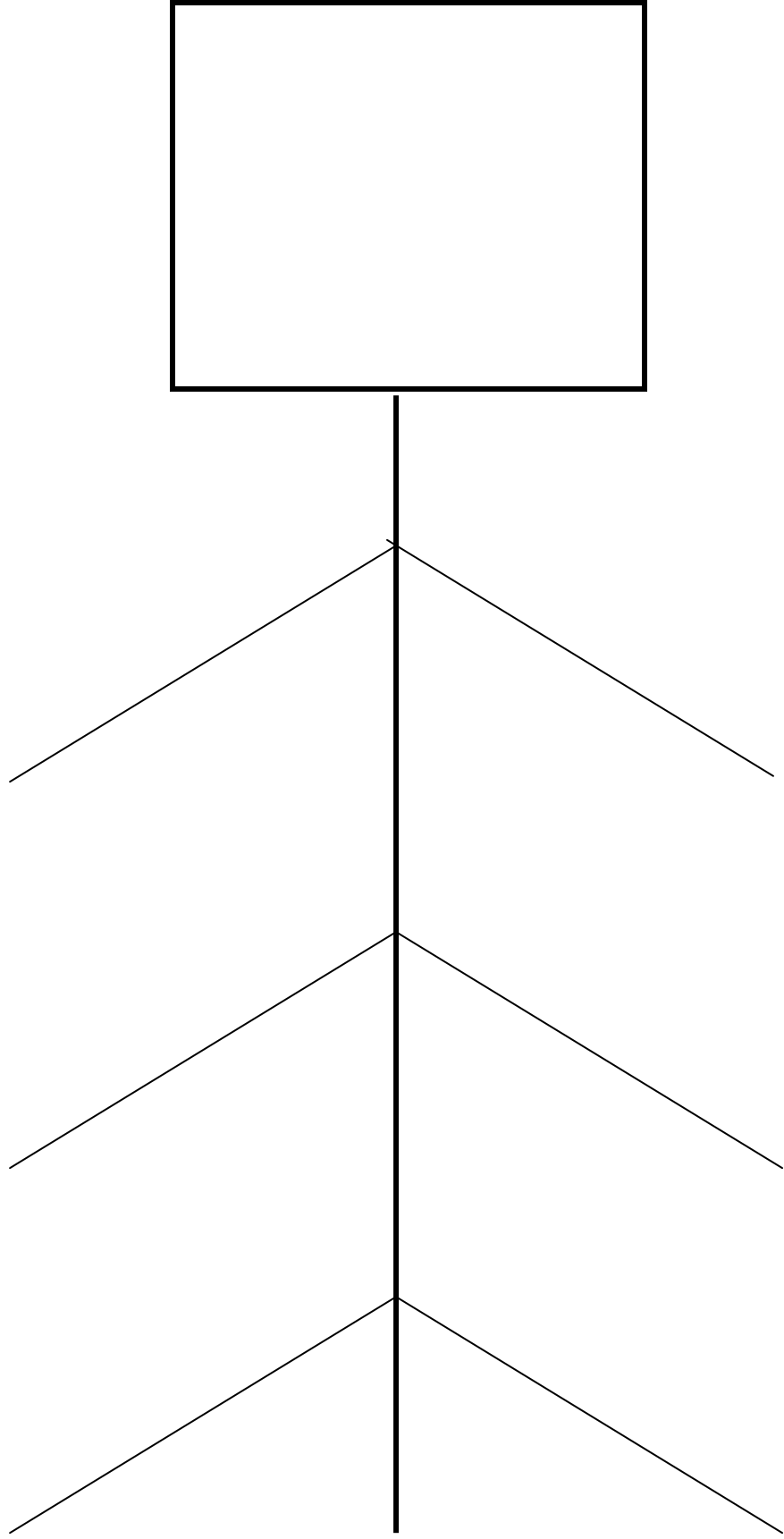
1. Students independently complete the constructed response items.

Strategy Scoring guides for each section of the assessment are on the handouts so students will know the expected criteria before they complete each section. The constructed response items of the summative assessment for *Figuratively Speaking* utilize selections to be presented to students without teacher instruction, as in a standardized test situation.

Fishbone Graphic Organizer

Speaking

Sound Devices



Summative Assessment - 2

Contribution to Text:

Sound Devices

“Saturday at the Canal” by Gary Soto

Directions: Using the fishbone graphic organizer, identify three sound devices in the poem “Saturday at the Canal” by Gary Soto. Explain how the devices contribute to the poem. Identify the overall effect of the poem.

Fishbone Graphic Organizer: The bones on the top part of the fishbone graphic organizer are for examples of sound devices. The corresponding bones below each explain how the sound devices contribute to the tone, mood, author’s purpose, or theme of the poem. The large box on the right is for the overall effect of the poem.

Summative Assessment Scoring Guidelines

- 3 points** – Provides three correct examples of sound devices used by the author of the poem. On each corresponding fishbone, clearly explains the contributions of the device to the poem. Correctly identifies the overall effect of the poem.
- 2 points** – Provides at least two correct examples of sound devices used by the author of the poem. May only partially explain how the devices contribute to the poem. Partially identifies the overall effect of the poem.
- 1 point** – Provides at least one correct example of sound device; contribution may be incorrect and/or no explanation is given. Overall effect of the poem is incorrect or not given.
- 0 point** - Other

**Possible Answers/Scoring Guide for
Figurative Language/Sound Devices
“Saturday at the Canal” by Gary Soto**

Overall effect of poem – Disenfranchised, sad; life was passing them by

Figurative Language/Sound Devices	Contribution to the Poem
Metaphor – School was a sharp check mark in the roll book	A sharp check mark adds the feeling that school wasn't helping them get anywhere
Metaphor – (School was) An obnoxious tuba playing at noon because our team was going to win at night	The sound of the music was an obnoxious as the school
Assonance – tuba playing at school	The “oo” sounds are obnoxious too
Hyperbole – The teachers were too close to dying to understand	Adds to the depressed feeling of the poem
Personification – The hallways stank of poor grades and unwashed hair	Adds to the disenfranchised, depressed feeling of the poem
Metaphor – San Francisco was a postcard on a bedroom wall	Can't get there from here feeling
Personification – The shadows of this loneliness gripped loose dirt.	Adds the overall feeling of sadness
Hyperbole – The years froze	Going nowhere, stagnant
Personification – Our eyes followed the water, White-tipped but dark underneath, racing out of town	Life is passing them by
Repetition – By bus or car, By the sway of train	Emphasizes that they want to leave any way they can
Alliteration – (our hair was shoulder length) wild when the wind picked up	The boys' appearance would be acceptable where they wanted to go

Summative Assessment Scoring Guidelines

- 3 points** – Provides three examples of figurative language/sound devices used by the author of the poem. On each corresponding fishbone, clearly explains the contribution of the device to the poem. Correctly identifies the overall effect of the poem.
- 2 points** – Provides at least two correct examples of figurative language/sound devices used by the author of the poem. May only partially explain how the devices contribute to the poem. Partially identifies the overall effect of the poem.
- 1 point** – Provides at least one correct example of figurative language/sound device; overall contribution may be incorrect and/or no explanation is given. Overall effect of the poem is incorrect or not given.
- 0 point** - Other

Irony
“The Night the Ghost Got In” by James Thurber

1. Cite an example of irony used by the author and identify the type. How does the author’s use of irony contribute to the text?

2. Does the author effectively portray irony in this selection? Justify your answer using two details from the selection.

Scoring Guide - Irony

“The Night the Ghost Got In” by James Thurber

1. Cite an example of irony used by the author and identify the type.
How does the author’s use of irony contribute to the text?

3 points – Provides an example and type of irony with a clear discussion of its contribution to the text.

2 points – Provides an example and type of irony with a general or overly simplistic explanation of its contribution to the text.

1 point – Provides an example of irony and type.

0 points - Other

2. **Does the author effectively portray irony in this selection? Justify your answer using two details from the selection.**

3 points – Provides a justification of the author’s use of irony and includes two appropriate details

2 points – Provides a justification of the author’s use of irony and includes one appropriate detail.

1 point – Provides a justification of the author’s use of irony and a general or overly simplistic detail.

0 points - Other

Possible Answers for Irony

“The Night the Ghost Gone In” by James Thurber

Example of irony	Contribution to the account
Mrs. Thurber wants to throw a shoe through the neighbor’s window “the thrill of heaving a shoe...”	Situational irony – This is the opposite of what we would expect from a mother, someone old enough to know better. Adds to the humorous tone
“Well, whattsa matta, ya hot?”	Verbal irony – Thurber, in a towel, is actually cold
Police hear a noise in the attic and burst in on Grandpa, thinking he’s the intruder	Dramatic irony – adds to the humorous confusion of the whole situation
Grandpa believes the police are Civil War deserters	Dramatic irony – Adds to the humor through misunderstanding

Adapted from “The Night the Ghost Got In” by James Thurber

(1) The ghost that got into our house on the night of November 17, 1915, raised such a hullabaloo of misunderstanding that I am sorry I didn't just let it keep on walking, and go to bed. Its advent caused my mother to throw a shoe through a window of the house next door and ended up with my grandfather shooting a gun. I am sorry, therefore, as I have said, that I ever paid any attention to the footsteps.

(2) They began about a quarter past one o'clock in the morning, a rhythmic, quick-cadenced walking around the dining room table. My mother was asleep in one room upstairs; my brother Herman in another; and grandfather was in the attic. I had just stepped out of the bathtub and was busily rubbing myself with a towel when I heard the steps. They were the steps of a man walking rapidly around the dining room table downstairs. The light from the bathroom shone down the back steps, which dropped directly into the dining room. The steps kept going round and round the table; at regular intervals a board creaked, when it was trod upon. I supposed at first that it was my father or my brother Roy, who had gone to Indianapolis but were expected home at any time. I suspected next that it was a burglar. It did not enter my mind until later that it was a ghost.

(3) After the walking had gone on for perhaps three minutes, I tiptoed to Herman's room. "Psst!" I hissed in the dark, shaking him. "There's something downstairs!" I said. Instantly the steps began again, circled the dining room table like a man running, and started up the stairs toward us, heavily, two at a time. The light still shone palely down the stairs; we saw nothing coming; we only heard the steps. Herman rushed to his room and slammed the door. I slammed shut the door at the stairs top and held my knee against it. After a long minute, I slowly opened it again. There was nothing there. There was no sound. None of us ever heard the ghost again.

(4) The slamming of the doors had awoken mother; she peered out of her room. "What on earth are you boys doing?" she demanded. "What was all that running around downstairs?" said mother. So she had heard the steps, too! We just looked at her. "Burglars!" she shouted intuitively. I tried to quiet her by starting lightly downstairs.

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(5) "Come on, Herman," I said.

(6) "I'll stay with mother," he said. "She's all excited."

(7) I stepped back onto the landing.

(8) Don't either of you go a step," said mother. "We'll call the police." Since the phone was downstairs, I didn't see how we were going to call the police-nor did I want the police-but mother made one of her quick decisions. She flung up a window of her bedroom which faced the bedroom windows of the house of a neighbor, picked up a shoe, and whammed it through a pane of glass across the narrow space occupied by a retired engraver named Bodwell and his wife.

(9) It was now about two o'clock of a moonless night; clouds hung black and low. Bodwell was at the window in a minute, shouting, frothing a little, shaking his fist. "We'll sell the house and go back to Peoria," we could hear Mrs. Bodwell saying. It was some time before mother "got through" to Bodwell. "Burglars!" she shouted. "Burglars in the house!" Herman and I hadn't dared to tell her that it was not burglars but ghosts, for she was even more afraid of ghosts than of burglars. Bodwell at first thought that she meant that there were burglars in his house, but finally he quieted down and called the police for us over an extension phone by his bed. After he had disappeared from the window, mother made as if to throw another shoe, not because there was further need of it but, as she later explained, because the thrill of heaving a shoe through a window glass had enormously taken her fancy. I prevented her.

(10) The police were on hand in a commendably short time. "Open up!" cried a hoarse voice. "We're men from Headquarters!" I wanted to go down and let them in, since there they were, but mother wouldn't hear of it. "You haven't a stitch on," she pointed out. "You'd catch your death." I wound the towel around me again. Finally the cops put their shoulders to our big heavy front door with its thick beveled glass and broke it in: I could hear a rending of wood and a splash of glass on the floor of the hall. Their lights played all over the living room and crisscrossed nervously in the dining room, stabbed into hallways, shot up the front stairs and finally up the back. They caught me standing in my towel at the top. A heavy policeman bounded up the steps. "Who are you?" he demanded. "I live here," I said. "Well whattsa matta, ya hot?" he asked. It was, as a matter of fact,

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cold; I went to my room and pulled on some trousers. On my way out, a cop stuck a gun into my ribs. "Whatta you doin' here?" he demanded. "I live here," I said.

(11) The officer in charge reported to mother. “No sign of nobody, lady,” he said. “Musta got away-whatt’d he look like?” “There were two or three of them,” mother said, “whooping and carrying on and slamming doors. “Funny,” said the cop. “All ya windows and doors was locked on the inside tight as a tick.”

(12) “No sign o’ nothing,” said the cop who had first spoken to mother. “This guy,” he explained to the others, jerking a thumb at me, “was nekked. The lady seems historical.” They all nodded, but said nothing; just looked at me. In the small silence we all heard a creaking in the attic. Grandfather was turning over in bed. “What’s ‘at?” snapped a policeman. Five or six cops sprang for the attic door before I could intervene or explain. I realized that it would be bad if they burst in on grandfather unannounced, or even announced. He was going through a phase in which he believed that General Meade’s men, under steady hammering by Stonewall Jackson, were beginning to retreat and even desert.

(13) When I got to the attic, things were pretty confused. Grandfather had evidently jumped to the conclusion that the police were deserters from Meade’s army, trying to hide away in his attic. He bounded out of bed wearing a long flannel nightgown over long woolen underwear, a nightcap, and a leather jacket around his chest. The cops must have realized at once that the indignant, white-haired old man belonged in the house, but they had no chance to say so. “Back, ye cowardly dogs!” roared grandfather. “Back t’ the lines, ye lily-livered cattle!” With that, he fetched an officer a flat-handed smack alongside his head that sent him sprawling. The others beat a retreat, but not fast enough; grandfather grabbed an officer’s gun from its holster and let fly. The report seemed to crack the rafters; smoke filled the attic. Somehow, we all finally got downstairs again and locked the door against the old gentleman. He fired once or twice more in the darkness and then went back to bed. “That was grandfather,” I explained to one officer, out of breath. “He thinks you’re deserters.” “I’ll say he does,” said the officer.

(14) The cops were reluctant to leave without getting their hands on somebody besides grandfather; the night had been distinctly a defeat for them. Furthermore, they obviously didn’t like the “layout”; something looked-and I can see their viewpoint- phony.

(15) “What was the matter with those policemen?” mother asked, after they had gone. “Grandfather shot at them,” I said. “What for?” she demanded. I told her they were deserters. “Of all things!” said mother. “They were such nice-looking young men.”

(16) Grandfather was fresh as a daisy and full of jokes at breakfast next morning. We thought at first he had forgotten all about what had happened, but he hadn’t. Over his third cup of coffee, he glared at Herman and me. “What was the idée of all them cops tarryhootin’ round the house last night?” he demanded. He had us there.

Saturday At The Canal

I was hoping to be happy by seventeen.
School was a sharp check mark in the roll book,
An obnoxious tuba playing at noon because our team
Was going to win at night. The teachers were
Too close to dying to understand. The hallways
Stank of poor grades and unwashed hair. Thus,
A friend and I sat watching the water on Saturday,
Neither of us talking much, just warming ourselves
By hurling large rocks at the dusty ground
And feeling awful because San Francisco was a postcard
On a bedroom wall. We wanted to go there,
Hitchhike under the last migrating birds
And be with people who knew more than three chords
On a guitar. We didn't drink or smoke,
But our hair was shoulder length, wild when
The wind picked up and the shadows of
This loneliness gripped loose dirt. By bus or car,
By the sway of train over a long bridge,
We wanted to get out. The years froze
As we sat on the bank. Our eyes followed the water,
White-tipped but dark underneath, racing out of town.

Gary Soto